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A BIRD JURY.

The fact seems to be settled that some birds, crows among them, have a way of trying and executing one or more of their number who has offended against what we must suppose to be bird-law.

An English gentleman tells of a scene that he witnessed among some rooks, birds something like the crow. This gentleman hearing an unusual commotion among the rooks of the neighborhood, crawled to a gap in the hedge where he could see all that was going on. In the midst of a circle of forty or fifty others was one rook who at the first appeared "very perky and jaunty." The others seemed to be very indignant at him, but at first he did not seem to care. After a few minutes his manner suddenly and wholly changed. He bent his head, cawed weakly, as it were imploringly, and drooped his wings as if pleading for mercy. But it was useless. The circle closed upon him, and, picking him to pieces, left a mangled carcass in less time than one could write it. Then they all flew away with an exulting scream.

Let us hope that the birds did justly and did not act in mere revenge.—*Child's Paper.*

A BIRD JURY.

THE ROBINS' NEST.

BY JUDITH BYRNE.

Jessie gave it its name; in one of our afternoon drives we passed the shabby little house at the end of the long village street. It had been empty for some months; now it seemed alive from threshold to roof-tree. Little heads protruded from the low chamber windows, two or three children were playing on the door-step, and inside the open door "the cunningest baby in the world," as Jessie averred, lay amusing itself with a rattle.

"A family from the East named Robins," was Job's answer when we inquired who were the new occupants. Job's real name, by the way, was Hiram; we had given him the nickname on account of his manifold trials, real and imaginary. He was one of the people—not so few in number as they should be—who look at their blessings through near-sighted eyes and survey their miseries with a magnifying glass. Being constantly in the depths of despondency, he had fallen into a fashion of speaking of mankind in general in a commiserating tone of voice, and the new proprietor of the cottage came in for a share of his sympathy.

"He's a poor unfortunate, that Robins. He'd a good property once at the East, but the specylatin' fever took him and he's lost everything he had in the world, but jest enough to buy this house and lot, and he goes out to day's works. Well, sech is life!" And Job heaved a sigh and drove leisurely on.

We used often afterward to see the little Robins at church; neat, pretty children they were, tastefully though plainly dressed, and with manners that told of careful home-training. The mother, we have heard, was an invalid, and the bright, pretty fourteen-year-old girl, who marshalled the children into the pew regularly every Sabbath morning, was the real head of the family.

"She is worked half to death," the sympathizing neighbors said. "She ought to be in school, instead of trudging as she does for those children"; but Jay—*that was her name*—only laughed when anyone ventured to sympathize with her; gathered the baby up in her arms and went singing about her work. Her heart was too full of love for discontent to find a place therein.

As the mother grew stronger and able to assist in the household tasks Jay began to ask for little bits of work outside; helping the neighbors with their fruit picking and canning in the busy season, or making children's clothes when she could procure the work. She was a dainty little seamstress, and so conscientious and independent that one could not feel that the work given her was in any respect an act of charity, though many employed her for the pleasure of the giving. All her receipts went to swell the family income, which seemed to need replenishing sadly, for the father, though industrious and kind, had no gift for money making.

So a couple of years went by. The shabby little house had become almost transformed. The vines Jay had planted and tended covered the gray old boards with ivety drapery. A climbing [illegible] ran over the little porch her father had built, and showered down its petals upon the children playing in the shade beneath. There were blossoming plants in the windows, and the boys kept the bit of lawn smooth and clean as a carpet. They had cleared away the brush and rubbish

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from the great rock which formed such an unsightly spot in the tiny orchard, and a wild grape vine, trained across its rugged front, covered it with grace and beauty. The trees had been carefully trimmed and pruned and the most desolate and disreputable looking spot in the village borders had become so delightfully pleasant and picturesque, that we drove out of our way often to show strangers the charming sight. A real "nest" it was, embowered in trees and greenery and full of the music of sweet chirping voices.

One morning we were all electrified by the tidings that Jay was going away to school. A wealthy uncle had volunteered to pay her expenses and the family had accepted the offer.

She ran over to see me that afternoon, her little brown face aglow with excitement and her black eyes dancing as she told her story.

"I mean to study hard," she said at last. "The children will miss me, but I can help them so much more when I have an education."

Always "the children!" there was never any thought of her patient, self-sacrificing little self.

Jay was gone four years, the brief vacations at home making pleasant interludes in her life. She came back to us a noble, beautiful woman; her natural refinement increased and strengthened by the rigid intellectual discipline to which she had subjected herself. She had won her old uncle's heart in those years of companionship; had brightened and enlivened the stately mansion where he had lived alone with his crusty old housekeeper; and his tardy sense of justice developing at last, when he died, a few months later, it was found that, after deducting liberal bequests to his sister and her other children, the bulk of his great fortune went to Jay, "who," he said, "will, I am confident, make a better use of it than I have done."

People said, "what a fine thing for Jay! Now she can go into society: now the Robins will hold up their heads in the world: their days of hardship are over."

Sure enough. As soon as the spring opened the builders were at work on a new house upon the Robin lot. The family moved into a vacant cottage near by, and we waited to see the old house torn down and moved away. But, to our surprise, we found the carpenters at work raising the upper story, putting on a new roof and dormer windows, a large sunny bay window on the east side, a tasteful porch to the west; partitions were taken down; the tiny rooms made into comfortable apartments, and with it all the cottage bid fair to rival its handsome neighbor which was going up so rapidly.

"What is it, Jay?" I asked at last, when my curiosity could no longer be restrained.

She laughed out in her pretty, merry way, and clapped her hands softly together.

"Oh, it's lovely to have money," she said, "but how can people waste it, when there is so much real happiness to be bought with it. I will tell you what I am going to do. Your Jessie has christened the old home 'The Robins' Nest,' and a 'nest' it is going to remain, into which I shall gather all the poor, maimed, helpless little children that I can care for. I wasn't made for a society woman: I shall never be anything but a pitiful mother-bird, ready to care for and protect the nestlings. Don't you see? That is why God has given me this fortune. It is not mine; it is only lent to be used for his needy, and I mean to be worthy of his trust." And so she has proved. When we pass "The Robins' Nest" in these later days we see an army of little children peeping from the windows, swinging under the great oaks, playing on the lawn or ensconced in a cosy corner with a book. They are God's helpless little ones, gathered from the slums and alleys; weak, dirty, ragged, sickly and forlorn, as she finds them, but growing up under her fostering care into noble manhood and womanhood. It is not one of the world's great charities, yet its influence reaches into the lanes and by-ways, and the world thrills to the quiet, unconscious inspiration of a noble life.—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

A little ragged errand boy was busy one day in the city of London with a piece of chalk in his hand, trying to write on a wooden gate this verse from the Bible: "Thy word is a lamp to my feet." He was so busy with his work that he did not notice a kind-looking old gentleman, who, after walking slowly past him twice, returned, and stood behind watching him.

"M-y," said the little fellow, repeating the letters aloud, as he wrote them with the chalk; "f-double e-t, feet."

"Well done, my little man, well done," said the old gentleman. "Where did you learn that?"

"At the ragged school, sir," said the boy, who was half frightened, thinking perhaps the old gentleman would hand him over to the police for writing on the gate.

"Don't be afraid, my boy. I'm not going to hurt you. So you learned that text in the ragged school? Do you know what it means?"

"No, sir," said the boy.

"What is a lamp?"

"A lamp? Why, a lamp! It's a thing that gives light."

"And what is the word here spoken of."

"It's the Bible, sir."

"That's right. Now how can the Bible be a lamp and give light?"

"I dun'no," said the boy, "'cept you set it on fire."

"There is a better way than that, my lad. Suppose you were going down some lonely lane on a dark night, with an unlighted lamp in your hand, and a box of matches in your pocket, what would you do?"

"Why, light the lamp, sir," said the boy, surprised that anyone should ask such a simple question.

"What would you light it for?"

"To show me the road, sir."

"Very well. Now suppose you were walking behind me one day, and saw me drop a shilling, what would you do?"

"Pick it up and give it to you, sir."

"But wouldn't you want to keep it yourself?"

"I should want to; but I wouldn't do it."

"Why not?"

"Because that would be stealing, and the Bible says we mustn't steal. And is the Bible called a lamp because it shows us the right way to walk in?" asked the boy.

"That's just it, my lad. And now do you think it worth while to take this good old lamp, and let it light you right through life?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"Because if I'm honest I shan't stand no chance of going to prison."

"And what else?"

The boy thought a moment, and then said: "If I mind the Bible I shall go to heaven when I die."

"Yes, that's the best reason for using this lamp. It will show you the right way to heaven. Good-bye, my lad. Here's a shilling for you. Mind you use this lamp."

"Sir," said the little fellow, clasping the shilling, and taking off his ragged cap, "I'll mind."—*Rich. Newton, D.D.*

HIS LOVE TO ME.

To an invalid friend, who was a trembling, doubting believer, a clergyman once said: "When I leave you I shall go to my own residence, if the Lord will; and when there the first thing that I expect to do is to call for a baby that is in the house. I expect to place her on my knee, and look down into her sweet eyes, and listen to her charming prattle; and, tired as I am, her presence will rest me, for I love that child with unutterable tenderness.

"But the fact is she does not love me; or, to say the most for her, she loves me very little. If my heart was breaking under the burden of a crushing sorrow, it would not disturb her sleep. If my body was racked with excruciating pain, it would not interrupt her play with her toys. If I were dead, she would be amused with watching my pale face and closed eyes. If my friends came to remove my corpse to the place of burial, she would probably clap her hands in glee, and in two or three days totally forget her papa. Besides this, she has never brought me in a penny, but has been a constant expense on my hands ever since she was born. But, although I am not rich in the world's possessions, there is not money enough in this world to buy my baby. How is it? Does she love me, or do I love her? Do I withhold my love until I know she loves me? Am I waiting for her to do something worthy of my love before extending it to her?"

"Oh, I see it," said the sick man, while the tears ran down his cheeks, "I see it clearly; it is not my love to God, but God's love to me I ought to be thinking about; and I do love Him now as I never loved Him before."

From that time his peace was like a river.—*Light and Shadows.*

MANY YEARS AGO, while residing in Eastern New York, a young man living in our family experienced religion and united with the Baptist church. I observed soon after that he did not remain to the communion service. I enquired of him, when no other one was present, the reason. He hesitated, and the tears began to fall. I tenderly and confidingly insisted that he would tell me his trouble, when, to my astonishment, he said the taste and smell of the wine produced craving for something stronger, which he could not resist, and he dare not trust himself. This was in the days before people knew that by canning they could preserve the "fruit of the vine" in its natural state; but now we can drink of "that cup" in remembrance of our Lord and Saviour, as He has commanded us, without hazarding our Christian character.—*Standard.*

WHEN THE WISE MEN found the babe Jesus in the manger at Bethlehem, they worshipped him with offerings of "gold and frankincense and myrrh." There must be more gold brought to the feet of our Lord, before his blessed gospel can reach the uncounted multitudes of pagan lands. He calls for the gold of his church to be used for his glory. His disciples will yet count it the best investment, to give their largest sums for missionary work and church extension. Arthington of Leeds, England, reasoned thus, when he built a steel steamer for that Central African lake; and other men, rich and poor, are learning the lesson that will work wonders in the world when the whole church has learned it. Let us pray that the converts in all lands, at home and abroad, may learn at the start to give liberally for the extension of Christ's kingdom. The Karens of Burmah seem to have learned this important lesson, and so have the converts of the South Seas. A Hindoo loves money almost as well as any American or Englishman; still, even he is getting on. Our India churches gave nobly last year for Christian work.—*Morning Star.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON I.—OCTOBER 2.

THE CENTURION'S FAITH.—MATT. 8:5-13.

COMMIT VERSES 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel.—Matt. 8:10.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

True faith is humble, unselfish, confident, reasonable and successful.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 8:1-13.
T. Luke 7:1-10.
W. James 5:10-20.
Th. John 4:46-54.
F. Heb. 3:7-19.
Sa. Luke 13:18-30.
Su. Matt. 24:42-51.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—When Jesus had finished his sermon he came down from the Mount; and, followed by the multitudes, he went toward Capernaum, seven miles distant.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

5. CENTURION.—the captain of a hundred men in the Roman army. This man was a pious Gentile, who had built a synagogue at Capernaum, the remains of which still exist. 6. SAYING—by a delegation of elders (Luke 7:3). PALSY—paralysis; not ordinary paralysis, but a painful kind like lockjaw or rheumatic fever. 8. THE CENTURION SAID—by another delegation of friends, who met Jesus near the house (Luke 7:6). I AM NOT WORTHY—(1) he was conscious of his sinfulness in the presence of a holy man of God. (2) He knew that Jesus considered it a defilement to enter a Gentile's house. 9. I (also) AM A MAN UNDER AUTHORITY—of the Roman Government, and therefore had received authority to command those under him. So, he argued, Jesus had received authority from God, and could make nature and disease go at his command. 11. FROM THE EAST AND WEST—distant Gentile nations. SHALL SIT DOWN WITH ABRAHAM, etc.—recline at the feast with them. The blessings of heaven are represented as a feast. 12. OUTER DARKNESS—feasts were often held in the evening, and it was dark and cold outside. WEEPING—in sorrow. GNASHING OF TEETH—in rage. But it was only their own misconduct which shut any of them out of the feast.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—On what occasion were our last regular lessons spoken? How soon after that sermon did the event of to-day's lesson take place? In what town? In what other Gospel is this lesson recorded?

SUBJECT: THE CENTURION'S FAITH.

I. THE CENTURION'S NEED (vs. 5, 6).—What is a centurion? What can you tell about this one? (Luke 7:4, 5.) Was he a truly religious man? What trouble had come upon him? What does his deep interest in a servant show as to his character? What is the palsy? What are some of our great needs for ourselves? For our friends?

II. HE APPLIES TO JESUS FOR AID (vs. 6, 7).—What did the centurion do in his trouble? Did he go himself, or send friends? (Luke 7:3.) Why did he apply in this way? How did the centurion know that Jesus could help him? (Matt. 4:23, 24.) Was this a good ground of faith?

To whom should we apply for help? How do we know that Jesus can help us?

III. THE CENTURION'S FAITH (vs. 8-10).—How do you know that his faith was unselfish? (v. 5; Luke 7:5.) How does he show that it was humble? Why did he consider himself unworthy? How did he show that his faith was strong? What is the argument in v. 9? Why did Jesus marvel? What is faith?

IV. THE REWARDS OF HIS FAITH (vs. 10-13).—Was the centurion successful? What shows that the cure must have been a miracle? What did Jesus say in reference to the centurion in v. 10? Does this show that he had saving faith? Who are meant by the "many from the east and west"? What is meant by "sitting down with Abraham"? In what respects is the Gospel like a feast? Why were the children of the kingdom shut out? (Heb. 3:18.) What lessons do you learn about faith from this incident?

LESSON II.—OCTOBER 9.

THE TEMPEST STILLED.—Matt. 8: 18-27.

COMMIT VERSES 24-27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith!—Matt. 8:26.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Trust in God the way of peace.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 8:14-27.
T. Mark 4:30-41.
W. Luke 8:18-26.
Th. Luke 9:49-62.
F. Ps. 46:1-11.
Sa. Isa. 43:1-17.
Su. Ps. 107:1-31.

PARALLEL ACCOUNTS.—Mark 4:35-41; Luke 8:22-25; 9:57-62.

INTRODUCTION.—We pass over several weeks of the life of Christ, and begin our lesson at the close of one of the busiest days in his recorded life. Jesus wrought miracles, taught great crowds by many parables, encountered opposition from his family and the Pharisees.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

18. WHEN JESUS SAW GREAT MULTITUDES—just at dusk (Mark 4:35). THE OTHER SIDE—of the Sea of Galilee, from Capernaum. They went six or eight miles to the country of the Gadarenes. 19. A CERTAIN SCRIBE—a learned man and leader who had been listening. 20. THE SON OF MAN HATH NOT WHERE TO LAY HIS HEAD—spoken to show him that he would gain no worldly advantage by following Jesus. This showed him the hollow nature of his resolution. 21. SUFFER ME FIRST TO GO AND BURY MY FATHER—who lay dead or was near to death. 22. LET THE DEAD BURY THEIR DEAD—let the spiritually dead, the worldly, bury the naturally dead. Do the highest duties first. 23. A SHIP—a large boat. 24. THERE AROSE A TEMPEST—sudden tempests were very common on the Sea of Galilee. HE WAS ASLEEP—weary with his hard day's labor. Jesus was human. 26. REBUKED THE WINDS—because he was the divine Lord of Nature.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How long after the last lesson were the events of this? Point out the places of this lesson on the map. At what time of the day does our lesson begin? (Mark 4:35.) What had Jesus been doing during the day? (See Introduction.)

SUBJECT: SALVATION IN TROUBLE.

I. THE COST OF FOLLOWING JESUS (vs. 18-22).—Who came to Jesus just as he was leaving the scene of his labors? What did he propose? Was he sincere? What was Jesus' reply? How does this answer apply to us? Can one be a true Christian for the sake of worldly advantages? Who else proposed to follow Jesus? On what condition? What was Jesus reply to him? Meaning of "let the dead bury their dead"? How does this apply to us?

What was there wrong in this man's proposal? Does religion interfere with our daily duties? Is there any reason to suppose that this man followed Jesus, and the other did not?

II. THE TEMPEST (vs. 23-25).—To what place were the disciples going? (Matt. 8:18, 28.) Was the Sea of Galilee peculiarly exposed to storms? What kind of boat were they sailing in? Where was Jesus? What do you learn from his sleeping in such circumstances? What did his disciples do and say? To what storm are we exposed? (Matt. 25:41; Ps. 2:1, 2; 42:3, 7; 107:1-30.) Does Jesus ever seem asleep to them? Why did Jesus let his disciples be thus tried? (2 Cor. 4:17, 18; James 1:2, 3, 12; Deut. 8:2.)

III. PEACE, BE STILL (vs. 26, 27).—What did Jesus say of the faith of his disciples? (v. 26; Mark 4:40.) What showed they had faith? What that it was small? What miracle did Christ work? What does this show as to his power over nature? How is that a comfort to us? How does Christ still the tempest of sin? (John 8:16.) Of trouble? (Matt. 11:28-30.) Repeat some other comforting promises?

LESSON CALENDAR.

(Fourth Quarter, 1887.)

1. Oct. 2.—The Centurion's Faith. Matt. 8:5-13.
2. Oct. 9.—The Tempest Stilled. Matt. 8:18-27.
3. Oct. 16.—Power to Forgive Sins. Matt 9:1-8.
4. Oct. 23.—Three Miracles. Matt. 9:18-31.
5. Oct. 30.—The Harvest and the Laborers. Matt. 9:35-38, and 10:1-8.
6. Nov. 6.—Confessing Christ. Matt. 10:32-42.
7. Nov. 13.—Christ's Witness to John. Matt. 11:2-15.
8. Nov. 20.—Judgment and Mercy. Matt. 11:20-30.
9. Nov. 27.—Jesus and the Sabbath. Matt. 12:1-14.
10. Dec. 4.—Parable of the Sower. Matt. 13:1-9.
11. Dec. 11.—Parable of the Tares. Matt. 13:24-30.
12. Dec. 18.—Other Parables. Matt. 13:31-33, [and 44-52.
13. Dec. 25.—Review and Christmas Lesson.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

BED-TIME TALKS WITH THE LITTLE ONES.

If all mothers would devote a small portion of the day or evening for a quiet chat, or to exchange confidences with the children, it might prove the means of saving mothers and children much trouble and suffering. I know that most mothers who have the cooking and ironing and mending, and all the other "ings" of the work to do for husband, and, frequently, a large family of little ones, with perhaps no other assistance than one small maid-of-all-work, have all that they can possibly attend to, and may feel that they cannot afford the indulgence of a quiet twilight or a bed-time talk with the children. They may feel that they cannot spare the time from other duties And yet, mothers, this little half-hour chat with our wee folks is one of the greatest duties we owe them as well as ourselves. Since my own little home brood first began to grow up about me, I have never failed to devote a few minutes at least at bed-time to each wee lad and lassie; and during those few minutes who shall say how many small confidences are exchanged with me, or how many confessions of wrong-doing through the day, now past, are brought to me. We talk over all the little incidents of the day: they tell me of their successes and endeavors, their temptations and failures, and no one but a mother can know what an unspeakable comfort these little bed-time talks are to me. No matter how fretful or sullen, how mischievous, or how quarrelsome, or how altogether naughty they may have been through the day, I know that at bed-time everything will come out all right. Small heads will rest upon my shoulder; repentant tears will leave their traces on chubby faces. But we will "talk it all over" together before sleep visits the small sinner, and the good-night kiss is always given with great fervor on both sides. They are so comforted in the assurance that "mamma knows all about it." And it is such a great comfort for me to know that as yet my little ones have no secrets that mamma may not share. No temptation or wrong-doing that she may not know.

A few days ago I noticed that my little eight-year-old Wilfred was rather quiet, and seemed anxious to avoid notice; fearing that he might be ill I questioned him, but could receive no satisfactory answers to my questions, beyond the fact that he was not ill. The day passed and, although I knew that there must be something the matter with my usually merry, rollicking, mischievous little boy, I could not come to any satisfactory conclusion regarding the matter, and I was unwilling to force the child's confidence, hoping that our bed-time talk would set matters all straight, and it did. Nestling close in my arms, with his shamed, crimson-stained face hidden in my neck, the whole story came out He had been sent on an errand to the grocery store in the morning and, while there, had been tempted by some very fine figs in a box on the counter, and when the proprietor of the store was busy, and not looking, my boy had reached out his little greedy hand and stolen (yes, stolen. I know it is a hard word, but would any other be right?) four of those figs, and on the way home had eaten them. Who can know how much that boy suffered for that one wrong act all through that long day when conscience was at work telling him that he was a thief; for such the poor little fellow felt that he must be branded for evermore and, what a relief it was to him to "have it out with mamma," as he expressed it afterward. Our bed-time talk was, I think, a little longer that night than is customary. I could understand, how fully he had been punished for his wrong-doing by the shame and grief and misery of that long, dreadful day. We talked it all over, my boy and I, softly and quietly, and the next morning a rather pale, but very brave-hearted little lad started for the store with four pennies taken from his little bank, clutched fast in his small hand, to confess to the storekeeper the theft of the figs and, with his own money, to pay for the same. It was a hard, bitter lesson for my boy, but one that I trust he will never forget while he lives. And that one little confession from my boy paid me a thousand fold for all the home duties that may at any time have been left unperformed, whilst I gave my time and attention to the bed-time talks with my little ones. Mothers are by far the safest confidants for their children; and the memory of these little bed-time talks may save your boys and girls a world of misery and distress in the years to come, and may prove a safeguard to them as long as they live.—*Mrs M. E. Stafford, in Child Culture.*

AN EPIDEMIC.

There are few words that send a thrill of terror to the heart of a mother more speedily than this. But it is the epidemic of scarlatina, or small-pox, or typhus or some of those fatal ailments, which, if they do not take the beloved little ones, through battling of fevered pulses and throbbing brains down into the valley of death, leave them half wrecked and marred on the thither shore of time, which startle the parent-heart.

Heedlessly, however, the little sons and daughters run amid the poisonous exhalations of an epidemic more dread than either of these named, and no urgent efforts are made for its extermination or the prevention of contamination.

Who that has eyes can fail to see the dire effects of this epidemic? It sallows the skin, blurs the eyes, dulls the intellect, hinders the attainment of growth originally designed for that particular individual, it develops the lowest phases of selfishness; blunts the natural keenness of all desirable qualities, hollows the cheeks, unnerves the hands, injures the voice, defiles the air, makes foul the home, wastes the income, wastes the time, in fact, accomplishes all harmful things and there are none so bold as to say a kindly word for it; its most abject slave says, "It is an abominable habit;" and yet the habit grows and spreads—it is truly at this time a wide-spread epidemic. Little boys and girls are smoking cigarettes and chewing stumps of old cigars. The vice is so common that it has quite lost "its frightful mien." Papa, and grandpa and Uncle James keep the house blue with their incense to vice. If baby goes out for the air, the pipe, or cigar or cigarette, goes with her, and instead of inhaling the sweet invigorating compound which our Wise Creator designed for baby's benefit, papa and brother Dick kindly improve it (?) with the fumes of their baleful fires, and they wonder why the walk did not brighten baby up a little.

"How shall we "stamp it out," cry the mothers who are beginning to wake up. Hercules would be appalled at the immensity of the task were he to rehabilitate himself with mortal form and return here for that purpose.

First, we must "begin at the beginning," insist that our homes be free from the poisonous smoke, ashes and saliva of the smoker and chewer; insist that baby shall not inhale, from the presence of pretended friends, the poisons their vices generate. Insist on the respect due to every clean person—that no one shall smoke or chew tobacco while in our immediate presence. Then teach the little ones the harm of it, the sin of it, the waste of it, the filth of it, and possibly we may control it so that our children's children will not be like to the bondmen of to-day. Teach our girls so to estimate the abominable practice that their husbands will never have been slaves to it. —*Child Culture.*

HEALTH IN OUR HOMES.

Those who are responsible for homes cannot be too careful of the health of their inmates. Good health in the household is more to be considered than sumptuous upholstery, elegant dinners, or expensive table service. Beauty should be and is, consistent with comfort and perfect safety in the home.

Yet how often are these safeguards neglected either through thoughtlessness or in the craze to be fashionable. Some homes that I know of are positively dangerous. Built on low, swampy land, shut in by trees and hedges, everything is damp and chill about them. Fungus growths flourish on the roof and sides of the house, and in the cellar likewise. In one house that I have in mind six children died one winter of diphtheria; every year one of the family has a fever of a typhoid nature, and common colds are as prevalent as storms.

In some houses drain pipes are allowed to leak in the basement. Stagnant water from the sewers, and the dampness coming in slowly through the walls, act in concert to destroy the lives of our loved ones. Often does the enemy approach so insidiously that you do not suspect the danger until it is too late. Frequent examinations of vaults and cisterns and cellars will usually avoid these lurking dangers.

Sometimes the walls of rooms are themselves disease breeders. Even when the paper itself is free from poison, the paste with which it is put on affords an excellent home for the minute organisms which produce certain diseases. Often the danger is multiplied by paper being repeatedly laid on over the old layers of paste and paper. This should never be done. When new paper is put on the old should be torn off and the walls neatly cleansed with soap or ammonia and water. But the best wall is the old plaster wall kalsomined, or wainscot. The dados of our forefathers' time, washed and scoured as they were by the careful housewife, could happily be revived.

Why is the sunshine so utterly excluded from so many homes? Look at the fashionable window of to-day. First, the shade close to the glass, then the long, rich hangings of lace, again the still richer ones of plush or satin; while, as if to make sure that no ray of light shall penetrate, the silken half-shades strung on wires across the lower panes are added, making the window as useless and inaccessible as possible. To all this barring out of light, fashion adds the edict that it is bad form to stand or sit close to a window.

We might as well go back to the high narrow portholes of our ancestors at once. They would be less ornamental, perhaps, but quite as useful. Even in distant farm houses among the hills, the windows of the sitting-room and parlor are swathed and smothered in drapery, making beautiful, well-furnished dungeons, it may be, but not healthy, cheerful rooms to live in.

It is necessary, I suppose, to be elegant in the drawing-room, or else (terrible alternative), be unfashionable; but in living-room, and chamber and nursery, one can dare to be bright, pleasant and healthy, even at the risk of offending Mrs. Grundy. Banish everything but the linen shades, or if the æsthetic eye demands drapery, let it be of the lightest in color and fabric—cotton, linen, lace, or scrim—something that may easily be washed or renewed.

Children need the sunshine as well as plants, and its subtle tonic has a wonderful curative influence upon both our physical and mental ailments. It pierces into the secret corners, deodorizes foul places, kills disease germs, and brings life, health and joy on its beams. Our broad, low windows should not be designed merely for the display of the upholsterer's art, but for the free advent of the lovely, dancing sunlight as well.—*F. M. Colby, in Household.*

ABOUT SHOES.

Never try to wear a shoe too small, or that does not fit when you first put it on.

There is no longer any necessity of "breaking in a shoe."

"Science" has removed all necessity for physical endurance in this direction.

Having procured a comfortable fit, keep it so by proper care.

Never let your shoe get hard or dry. Don't let it run down at the heel or side. Never wear into the welt or insole. A shoe repaired in time will retain its shape and comfort, and is true economy. Never put your wet shoes by the fire to dry, but dry them gradually and slowly. Never dry a wet shoe without first applying some oil and grease—castor oil or tallow is the best. The steam generated in a wet boot will surely scald it and cause it to crack.

Don't use too much force in polishing, a gentle brushing with a soft brush is better than the vigorous work of the boot-black. When the brushing makes your foot feel warm, stop until your shoe cools off.

Don't allow a thick crust of blacking on your shoes. Wash them off occasionally and apply a little castor oil; you can polish it over in an hour or two.

Never try on or handle a patent leather shoe when cold—always thoroughly warm it before bending the leather. A patent leather shoe put on in a warm room can be worn out in the cold weather without injury.

Never put a good pair of shoes in rubbers—use an old pair for this and withdraw the rubbers as soon as you enter a house.

There is no part of a gentleman's or lady's outfit that requires more care than the foot wear, and, as a rule, none receive less.—*Household.*

CARPETS.—I have just seen a good suggestion as to the sweeping of carpets. It has become a general rule to save the residuum of the teapot for this purpose, but the manner in which the leaves of the fragrant herb clog the broom, considerably detracts from the advantage gained. Bran, slightly moistened, is strongly recommended instead. It should be only slightly damped, just sufficiently to hold the particles together, and then sprinkled evenly over the carpet, which may then be swept in the ordinary way. The advantages of this plan are, that the fabric is scoured and cleaned at the same time, little or no dust arises to settle on the furniture, every particle of dirt, thread, fragment of paper, &c., is gathered up by the mass of bran that is being moved over the floor by the broom, and thoroughly incorporated with the cleansing substance. When the carpet is taken up for "the annual clean," the good results will be self-evident.—*The Reformer.*

IT IS NOT THE EYE that is intelligently used which fails early in life; but the eye that is abused by excessive glare of light; seeing without seeing, looking without study of detail, looking heedlessly with no afterthought of what has been seen; and also by the use of narcotics and want of cleanliness. Teach your little ones to see, to open their eyes, to describe what they see, to look with a purpose, and especially train them to look quietly and earnestly at that one who is addressing them or saying what should interest them. With such a training, the eyes become indeed windows of the soul, as well as windows to the soul, through which there is a never ceasing ingathering of wisdom and a glad outflowing of joy-giving love-light.—*A Lady Physician.*

A WORK CHAIR.—I want to ask the readers of this magazine how many of you have a work chair? If you have none, I advise you to get this very necessary piece of furniture as soon as possible. By a work chair, I mean a common wooden or cane bottom chair with legs sufficiently long for the occupant to be raised so that she can sit comfortably to wash dishes, cook, iron, or do any of the common housework, which so many women do standing, when they might sit just as well, and so much better. No wonder you are nervous and fretful and "all tired out," standing on your feet two-thirds of the day. Get a work chair and use it, and see if you can not do your work with much more ease.

KITCHEN WALLS.—The walls of a kitchen should always be painted, and a light color is to be preferred. They will need washing twice a year, or at the most every three months. If they are plastered or kalsomined, it is a good plan to tack clean newspapers just back of the tubs and table, to protect the wall as much as possible.

PUZZLES.

ANAGRAM.

All omitted words are formed from those omitted from last line.

* * * * * * * and Richmond were two noted men;
At Bosworth they fought; the date; tell me * * * *?
That battle the wars of the Roses *did* * * *,
And Henry of Richmond the throne did * * * * * *;
For * * * * * * * was slain, and his crown, falling off,
Was placed upon Richmond. But * * * * * * * did quaff,
Ere his death, some cold water, which Englishmen tell
Still refreshes the thirsty at * * * * * * * * * * * *.

PYRAMID.

*
* * *
* * * * *
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *

The upper letter a consonant; 2, an animal's home; 3, to distribute; 4, used in a fire-place; 5, a soldier of a peculiar height. Centre word down, a woman's name.

SQUARE WORD.

* * * *
* * * *
* * * *
* * * *

1, What comes in winter; 2, to mark; 3, a genus of birds; 4, a point of the compass.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER

CHARADE.—Dryden.

CROSSWORD.—Constantinople.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Stanfel Wainwright.

The Family Circle.

SHORTENING THE BABY.

Our baby now is four months old,
A bonnie boy, with hair like gold;
And his long clothes are put away—
For mother shortened him to-day.

He has the loveliest of frocks,
All trimmed with lace, and two pink socks
That father bought, the best by far
And prettiest in the whole bazar.

And now the rogue can kick about;
His little feet go in and out
As though they could not rest, and he
Is just as happy as can be.

Besides, he *feels* quite proud to-day
With all his long clothes put away,
And dressed so fine! And then, you know,
We praise the boy, and love him so!

His grandmamma must see him soon;
We all will go this afternoon,
And take the pet, and stay for tea,—
And what a riot there will be!

At first, perhaps, she may not know
The baby; he has dwindled so;
But let her guess, and *do not* say
That mother shortened him to-day!

—*J. R. Eastwood, in St. Nicholas.*

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"Would grandmamma mind having the little ones play quietly in her room for an hour or two, while mamma attended a meeting of the Woman's Exchange?"

No, the dear old lady would not mind anything so pleasant, nor consider it a burden. She would keep an eye on the children, and they need not be told to play so very quietly, either. Let them bring their dolls and blocks, their Noah's ark and picture-books, and have a happy time in grandmamma's chamber.

In they came, golden-haired Jessy, blue-eyed Florence, laughing Harold, and a pretty little eight-year-old new neighbor from over the way. Grandmamma's maid arranged a couple of screens so that the little ones were in a play-room of their own, out of sight, but not out of hearing, of the dear lady, who sat in her easy-chair, knitting with fine white wools, and making a beautiful pair of socks for the youngest grandchild.

It was just after Easter, and the pleasant room was filled with the fragrance of violets and hyacinths, while the great sunny bay-window was glorious with azaleas and palms. From the music-room below there floated upward a strain of melody; for Essy was at the organ, singing over again some of the beautiful Easter carols. By and by she struck into something very sweet, and the children stopped playing, while grandmamma, on the other side of the screen, dropped her knitting, to listen to the words, which came up as clear as if they had been spoken, just as all words that are sung should be.

"Softly sing the love of Jesus!
For our hearts are full of tears,
As we think how, walking humbly
This low earth for weary years,
Without riches, without dwelling,
Wounded sore by foe and friend,
In the garden, and in dying,
Jesus loved us to the end!

"Gladly sing the love of Jesus!
Let us lean upon *his* arm,
If he loves us, what can grieve us?
If he keep us, what can harm?
Still he lays his hand in blessing
On each timid little face,
And in heaven the children's angels
Near the throne have always place.

"Ever sing the love of Jesus,
Let the day be dark or clear,
Every pain and every sorrow
Bring him to his own more near.
Death's cold wave need not affright us,
When we know that he has died,
When we see the face of Jesus
Smiling from the other side!"

As the singer ceased, there was silence among her listeners for a moment, when Jessy took up her doll Angelina, and began rocking her to sleep. Presently grandmamma was startled at the question from the little neighbor:

"Jessy, who is Jesus?"

"Why," was Jessy's surprised reply, "don't you know who Jesus is?"

"He's the friend of the little children," said Florence sweetly. "He is the one who said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

"Yes," chimed in Harold;

"Jesus loves me, this I know;
For the Bible tells me so.
Little ones to him belong;
They are weak, but he is strong."

"What is the Bible?" inquired the little neighbor.

Grandmamma moved her chair the very least bit, so that she could see the children through a crack in the joining of the screens. Tableau! Harold, all the laughter out of his face, was sitting up, pale and wide-eyed, chubby hands folded. Jessy's doll had fallen into an unnoticed heap on the floor. Florence was springing to her feet, intending evidently to go at once in search of a Bible. The trio wore expressions of bewilderment as they surveyed their small companion. And no wonder.

Eight years old, the child of rich parents, with a bright, intelligent look, and pretty, graceful little ways, which had so won upon the careful mamma of this carefully taught family that she had invited her in to play with her brood, yet she did not know what a Bible was, and had never heard of Jesus. Not a little Hindoo girl, nor a Chinese, nor a Syrian, but an American girl, whose home was in the shadow of a Christian church.

Grandmamma laid aside her work, and was about to call the little ones around her, that she might tell them the old, old story with a special reference to the child who had inquired about Jesus, when Jessy, speaking earnestly, asked:

"Did you never go to Sunday-school?"

"No," said the other. "Papa takes us to the park on Sundays."

"Well, doesn't your mamma tell you Bible stories?"

"I don't think she knows any. Are they fairy stories? Is it a fairy book?"

"Hush! hush!" said Jessy, quite distressed. "You wouldn't speak so if you knew. It isn't a fairy book; it's God's book, which he made good men write for all the earth. It took hundreds of years to write it, and it was once so costly that it was worth as much as a great house and farm. They chained it up in the church then, and people used to stand around in crowds, and wait for their turn to read a teenty-tonty bit of it But now there are thousands and thousands of Bibles in the world, and everybody can have one, and they are full, just full, of the dearest, sweetest things, the best stories—much better than fairy stories, dear," and Jessy paused for breath.

"Bless her six years!" ejaculated grandmamma.

"I will ask papa why we haven't a Bible in our house, and beg him to buy me one for my birthday," observed the little neighbor.

"Yes, do!" said Florence, approvingly.

Jessy proceeded:

"I am s'prised you never heard of Jesus, God's dear son. He lived up in heaven with God, but he saw, when he looked down from the golden walls, that this world was full of trouble—bad people killing each other, people telling lies and quarrelling, people sick and sorrowful. So he told his Father that he would come here, and live among us, and make us better. He did come. He came to a place called Bethlehem. In the night the angels knew he was coming, so they flew down, and sang, and sang; but everybody was fast asleep, 'cept some shepherds on a hill, watching their lambs. They heard. There was a great big shining star, and it walked slowly along in the sky and stood still."

"Over the place where the young child lay," Florence added here.

"Yes, and some kings saw that—three kings from the East; I forget their names, the Bible does not give them, p'r'aps because they're too hard; and the kings and the shepherds all went to Bethlehem, and there they found Jesus, a dear little baby lying in his beautiful mother's arms. There wasn't any house for him, dear, and he was born in a stable, with oxen looking at him and wondering. His mother took care of him, and when he was a big boy, bigger than Harold, he minded her, and never was naughty. His name was Jesus; the angels said so, because he came to save people from their sins. Byme-bye, when he was a man, he went everywhere, doing kind things, making sick people well, and giving blind people sight. I couldn't begin to tell you how many wonderful things he did. Why, he once fed five thousand hungry people with only five little loaves and two little fishes; and three times he spoke to people who were dead, and they came to life again."

Jessy paused. Harold and Florence were now looking over a picture-book, but the little neighbor still listened.

"And yet," the child's voice grew very soft and solemn, "the wicked people didn't love him, after all. The priests and scribes and Pharisees, who were awful stuck-up creatures, just hated the Son of God, and *they coaxed the Romans to kill him.* They nailed him to a cross, and there he hung till he died, with crowds of people looking on. That is why we keep Good Friday, to remember his death. But in three days he came to life, and rose from the dead; and that is why we keep Easter."

"Where is Jesus now?"

"He lives in heaven again," said Jessy; "but he is here too, even in this room, although we cannot see him. He loves every one, but little children most of all. Mamma can tell you lots about him. He helps us to be good. It hurts him when we are bad. He will take us to stay with him forever when we die."

There was a knock at the door. A nurse had come for the little neighbor, who said good-bye, and went away to her home. Poor child! the home where there was nobody who loved Jesus.

But two Sundays ago she came to our school, and I saw her in church, sitting in the pew between Jessy and Florence. And she looked very happy. I do believe Jesus will take care of this little lamb.—*S. S. Times.*

SADIE ARNOLD'S POWER.

BY KATE S GATES.

"I wonder if that girl has any idea of the power she might be if she only would," said Miss Laurence to herself, as she stood looking out of the window, watching her niece, Sadie Arnold, and Tom Evans, who stood talking by the gate.

There was a certain reckless, don't care look in Tom's boyish face that pained Miss Laurence, and there was a flippant, self-satisfied air about him that was anything but manly, so she thought. But to all appearances Sadie did not disapprove of him nor share her disparaging thoughts. Presently they separated, and Sadie came into the parlor.

"I don't like Tom Evans' looks, Sadie," said her aunt, abruptly. "I don't believe he is doing very well; is he?"

"I don't really know; but I am afraid not, auntie."

"Mrs. Ames told me the other day that he was with the Rogers boys and the Deanes most of the time, and your father says that they are low, worthless fellows; his being with them speaks badly for him."

"I know, auntie; but they say that all young fellows must 'sow their wild oats.' He may come out all right yet."

"My child, that is one of the most false and dangerous of sayings. No man or woman ought to sow anything but good seed in his life; for whatsoever a man sows, that shall he also reap. Oh, it is a pitiful, pitiful sight to see how recklessly and thoughtlessly you young folks sow seeds that will surely yield the bitter harvest of unavailing regret and remorse. Don't you see or think what you are doing, or don't you care?"

"Aunt Sarah, what do you mean?" asked Sadie, her face flushing with surprise and indignation. "I am sure I cannot see how I am to blame in the least for Tom Evans' doings."

"There is another old saying beside the one that you have quoted, which I would like you to remember, Sadie: 'Power to its least particle is duty.' You girls, with your pretty faces and bright ways, have a world of power in your hands, and you know it; but how are you using it? Do you make your gentleman friends feel that they must be good, pure and true, if they would win your favor and smiles; or do they feel that all you care about is a good time, and will not question if their lips and hearts are pure or otherwise? I tell you, Sadie, God will call you to account for the use of the power entrusted to you. You are accountable to Him for your use of it, and, more than all that, if you do not use it to its utmost limit. Power to its least particle is duty."

Sadie's merry face grew sad and earnest. It startled her, this way of looking at it. Was she accountable in the least for Tom's doings? He was not doing well; she felt it, if she did not actually know it. She remembered several things that had happened of late. She had not approved of them; but she had laughed and talked with him just the same. There were others of the boys, too. Will Norcross, in particular. Could it be that she was in any way responsible?

"Have your good times, child; but remember always that you hold a great power in your hands. Strive in every way to be true and earnest yourself, and make them feel that they must be so also if they would win your favor."

"God help me," prayed Sadie, earnestly and humbly.

. . . . . .

They were busy getting up charades for the sociable, and met the next morning in the church parlors to prepare for them. Tom and Sadie, with one or two others, were fixing the curtains. Tom was over in the corner by himself, as he supposed, when accidentally his hammer came down with full force on his thumb, and, without thinking, he uttered an oath half audibly. When he moved the curtain a second later he saw Sadie standing there with flushed face and eyes brimming with tears. Tom's face colored with vexation.

"I beg your pardon, Sadie; I did not know that you were there."

"But it was wrong, all the same, Tom, if I was not here. God heard it, and that is worst of all."

The others came up just then, and there was not a chance for Tom to say anything more.

When they broke up to go home, he presented himself as usual at Sadie's side, but, to his surprise, she drew back.

"Not to-night, Tom, after that," she said, sadly.

"Well," said Tom to himself, as he walked slowly and thoughtfully home alone, "if she was so shocked at just that, what would she say if she knew all. I declare I never felt so mean in my life; she looked so shocked and sorry. I supposed that a good time was all that the girls cared about; but if Sadie really does care, I will be worthy of her favor."

Tom was young, his feet had only begun to stray into the by-paths of sin and danger; it was not so hard for him to change his course as it would have been later. And whenever he was tempted, the memory of that shocked, grieved look of Sadie's came to him and held him back, turning him to seek divine help for the battle of life.

"I don't know what there is about Sadie Arnold," said Will Norcross once, "but whenever I am with her I feel ashamed of my real self, and resolve that I will never think or do a mean thing again."

Girls, dear girls, how are you using the power in your hands? Are you seeking to lead your companions up? Are you trying to influence them to be purer and better? Are you holding up a high standard to them?

God grant you are.

YOUTH.—Life, like the fountain of Ammon, overflows only at dawn and early morning. As it gets older, it has still pleasures, but they are sober and staid, tinged with a darker green or autumn brown. Spring leaves have a tint we miss in July or October; their freshness and soft transparency pass; the brook sings as it runs; the river glides quickly, and the sea moans. Poets always paint the gods young, and half our heaven is the thought of our youth returning. Everything young is happy; God gives all nature so many days' grace before its troubles begin. There is a universal morning gladness before the heat of the day. We spend boyhood and youth in an enchanted world, with fountains of joy scattering rainbows; it is a delight simply to live in those years. As we get older, happiness gets daintier, and needs more catering; but in our spring-time it laughs, and thrives on the poorest fare. Youth is the greatest alchemist—it and the light, that turns hill-tops to amethyst, and the rough earth to gold. It transfigures everything to its own brightness, and, like the sun, makes a pavilion of its own beams.—*Dr. Cunningham Geikie*

BEGGARS IN INDIA.

Beggars are a very numerous class in India. Some adopt the profession from laziness; and in order to obtain a livlihood; and as the bestowal of alms is regarded by every one as the most sacred and meritorious of acts, every beggar may be said to be in easy circumstances.

Almost all mendicants are religious devotees. Either from a disgust to life caused by bereavement, personal sickness, the loss of wealth, or other disappointment, or from a desire to please the gods and obtain deliverance from future punishment, or from a mixture of motives, they take a vow of poverty, and forsaking relatives and friends, denying themselves almost everything that other men prize—they allow their hair to grow long and matted, smear their body with ashes, and, clad in the poorest garment, they wander from village to village, from fair to fair, from festival to festival, and lodge anywhere. Some, in addition to the privations of a begging and wandering life, afflict themselves in various ways—walk on wooden shoes covered closely with iron nails, or wear a heavy iron frame riveted round their neck.

The people, while regarding them, as rascals, capable of any crime, yet almost worship them as beings of extraordinary religious merit. To be distrusted and despised as a man and worshipped and ministered to as a god does not appear an inconsistency to the Hindu mind. These beggars being so highly honored, are very proud and vain.

One devotee I knew had a vow of silence. He lived in a corner of a verandah in one of the side streets of a village, amid a heap of rags that had accumulated round him in the course of years. He sat for hours and hours in a listless manner in the midst of his rags. He had no friend or relative. No one knew who he was, or where he had come from. He had lived in the same manner, I was told, for twenty years.

When the cholera visited the place, the excitement and anxiety of the people made no change in his quiet manner, till one day he seemed to have suddenly gone mad. He was seen prancing wildly, and followed by a crowd of excited villagers, running to the burning-place. There, amid the half-consumed skulls and bones of the dead bodies that had recently been burned, he jumped about and waved his hands in a frantic manner, shouting, "Ah! Ah! Hoo! Hoo!" Everyone believed he was possessed by Mari, the goddess of cholera.

"O goddess!" cried the chief villager, falling down before him. "Our kind mother! What is our crime? What disrespect have we shown to you? Why do you thus roar with grief? Tell us our offences, and we will worship thee and make atonement."

"Ah! Ah! Hoo! Hoo! No proper worship has been made to me!" cried the man possessed, in a strange, unnatural voice, and in a sing-song manner. "No anointing. My temple is in ruins; I am exposed to the sun and the rain. I can endure this no longer. I have been preserving you hitherto. Even now, when I saw seven bands of demons coming to spread destruction among you, I took compassion, and allowed only three of the bands to enter the village. Two of them have gone among cattle and sheep, and the third among men. Ah! Ah! Hoo! Hoo!"

On hearing these terrible words, all were greatly distressed.

"O goddess! Our gentle mother, take pity on us poor creatures!" cried the villagers. "We will execute your royal commands."

Suddenly the inspiration left the man, and he became silent and listless, and passed quietly through the crowd, which in an awe-stricken manner, made way for him. Arrangements for the repair of Mari's the goddess of cholera's temple, were immediately commenced.

Money and building materials were freely contributed, and many, who were strong and who knew the work, assisted gratuitously in repairing the temple. The work was finished just about the time that the disease completely left the village.

What an awful picture of superstition does this scene present! Do we remember with loving gratitude the advantages we possess over our Indian fellow-subjects? We have an open Bible, a preached gospel, the means of grace, and are familiar with the truth from our infancy. May we call to mind the words of our Saviour: "Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required," and strive in faithful service to do all we can to show forth the praises of Him who hath called us out of darkness into His marvellous light.—*From Everyday Life in Southern India.*

JOHN DALE; OR, HONORED OF THE LORD.

This is a true story in every particular, and happened but a few years ago. John Dale (so we will call him, for he is still a prosperous merchant in Illinois) was a poor boy, supporting his father and mother by his daily wages. Passing by the Baptist Church one evening, he stepped in to hear the singing, was welcomed by a good deacon and shown to a seat, and the same evening he believed and was saved. Afterwards he reported to the Sunday-school superintendent for duty, and became a sort of general helper. Whatever was doing he was ready to have a hand in it.

By-and-by a new church was built, and there was a debt. A committee was appointed to distribute the debt among the members *pro rata* and to try to have each one agree to his assessment. John Dale was by this time working as a clerk in a grocery store at a salary of six hundred dollars a year, and he had one hundred dollars in the bank. This latter amount was an important factor in his hopes, for he was engaged to be married. One day the committee on their rounds called on him at the store.

"I expect," thought John, "they have put me down for twenty dollars, possibly, but I shan't grumble. The debt must go. I expect to pay my assessment," he added aloud in reply to a question from the spokesman of the Committee.

"Then please sign your name,"

John took the book, and lo! he was down for one hundred dollars, the total amount of his savings.

"I was thunderstruck," said John afterwards to a friend, "for it was all I had." But without a remark he signed his name.

"I suppose they came for a church subscription," said his employer when the committee had gone.

"Yes."

"How much did you subscribe?"

John hesitated.

"A hundred dollars."

"Hundred dollars! Well, John, I almost should say you were a fool! Forgive me for saying so; but you were not able."

John explained how it had come about, expressing the assurance that as he was yet young and strong he should soon work through it; and yet in his heart he felt quite cast down. There was so much depending on that money. Perhaps he had been unwise, so he thought, in pledging his word beforehand, but having favored the assessment, it seemed but right that he should accept it when made. Besides, had he not asked the Lord to guide him in this thing? And should he not believe that he would be guided? In this way he rolled his burden on the Lord.

At evening, while on his way to supper, a neighbor merchant accosted him.

"Say, John, I don't want to take you from your present place if you are permanently engaged there, but I want a man, and if you can come I will give you eight hundred dollars, and begin to-morrow."

"Well," replied John, "I'll go right back and see about it."

He returned and broached the subject to his employer, adding, "Now I have no fault to find, and should like well to stay here, but you know how it is with me; I need all I can earn."

"Then the salary is all the reason you have for wishing to go."

"Yes."

"Well, we won't part on that. If you are worth eight hundred dollars to B., I guess you are worth it to me; and I'll give it."

"All right," said John, "I'll be glad to stay."

"And I don't care, if we'll begin with the beginning of the year if you like," continued the merchant, "it's now the end of June, so that will make you an extra hundred dollars."

"Thank you," said John, "you are very good, that just pays my subscription without touching my savings."—*Gleanings in Harvest Fields.*

HINDOO DEVOTEE

TOMMY.

Tommy is a little friend of mine, who lives in New York State. Last summer he went West, to a summer resort, where he and his mother boarded at a nice hotel. There was one gentleman whom Tommy liked very much; he was good-natured and kind to the little boy; but there was one thing about him that Tommy didn't like; he had a cigar in his mouth nearly all the time. Now Tommy had been brought up to think that to smoke was not only wasting a good deal of money, but doing one's self an injury; so one day when they were out on the hotel piazza, the gentleman with a cigar, and the boy with paper and pencil, Tommy began:

"Mr. Marshall, how many cigars do you smoke a day? That is, if you don't mind telling me."

"Not at all. Sometimes three, sometimes four or five. On an average, about four."

"Well, Mr. Marshall, will you tell me the average market price of the kind of cigars you smoke?"

"Sometimes ten or fifteen cents, sometimes twenty-five or thirty."

"Thank you," said Tommy, "I just wanted to see how much money it took in a year to supply you with cigars. I will take the lowest number and price, and that would make thirty cents a day. That is, let me see—"

Tommy figured, while Mr. Marshall watched him with a curious look on his face.

"It is even more than I thought," said the boy; "it makes one hundred and nine dollars and fifty cents, in one year!"

"Indeed!" said Mr. Marshall.

"And," said Tommy, "making it four cigars a day, and fifteen cents a cigar, which won't be too low for you, you know, it would be—two hundred and nineteen dollars!"

"Quite a little sum," remarked the gentleman.

"And I haven't got that far in arithmetic, but if that money was put at compound interest for a few years, wouldn't it amount to a good deal, Mr. Marshall?"

"Yes, sir. I have no doubt it would."

"How much do you think, sir?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Tommy's friend, almost crossly. "According to that first estimate, it would amount to something like six hundred and twenty dollars, in five years."

"That is a good deal of money," said Tommy, gravely. "It *seems* an awful lot just to puff away for pleasure, even if it didn't do any harm."

"Look here," said Mr. Marshall, "now I'll tell you something. You don't know it probably, but it isn't considered polite in children to be talking to their elders on subjects about which they know comparatively little. If your father and mother don't believe in smoking, I'm glad you don't, but don't make people think you are an impudent boy, by talking to them about what you don't understand. When you grow up, some of these days, you'll know more about tobacco, and other things. Till then think what you want to, but don't talk about it."

Tommy's face grew red, and the tears almost fell from his eyes. "I beg your pardon," he said, and hurried away from the front piazza.

Now, the question is, does Tommy think tobacco is a bit better, after that talk with Mr. Marshall? If you should ask him, he would turn a pair of bright eyes to you, and say,

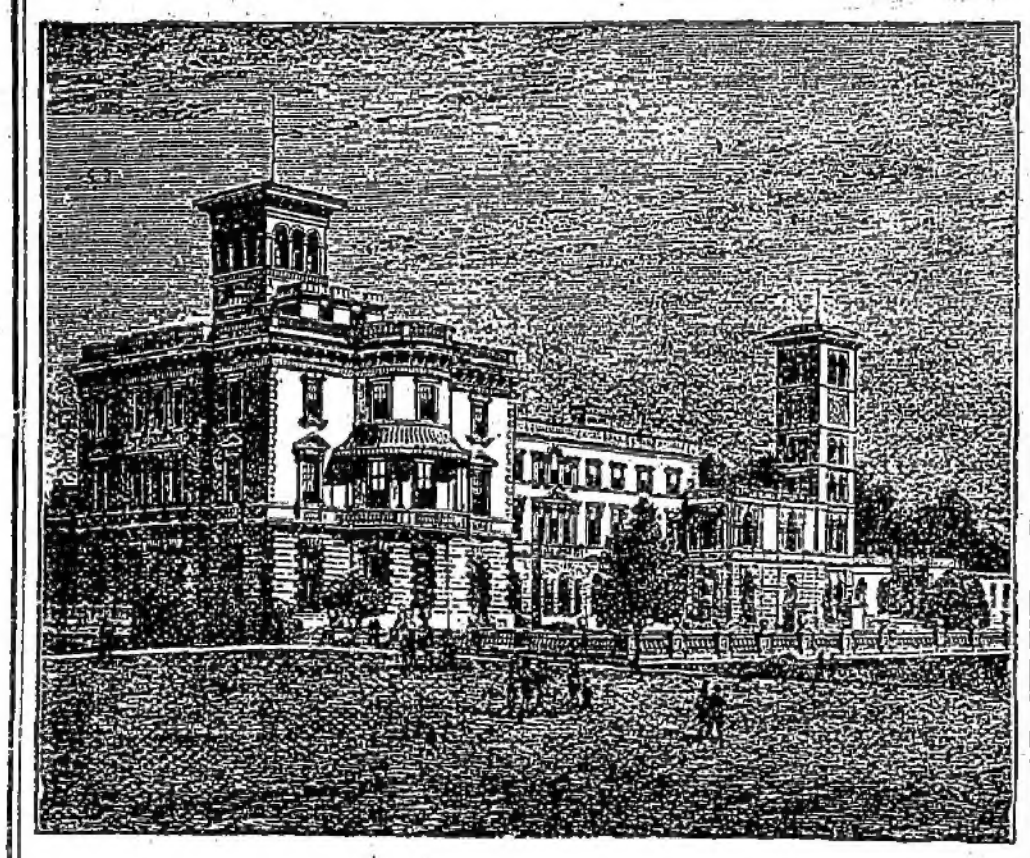
"No, sir! He didn't tell me a single reason why smoking was good for anything!"

What do you think about it?—*Pansy.*

MOST PEOPLE would succeed in small things, if they were not troubled with great ambitions.—*Longfellow.*

A PROMINENT MINISTER in the South once remarked that his greatest blessings came to him Sunday evening on his knees in his closet. We often seek in vain in the bustle of every-day life, because our whole heart is not in the communion. Christ often went apart to be alone with His God. Make it a practice to meet him alone once a day, if need be, behind a locked door, and peace will come;

"By all means use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thyself: see what thy soul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy chest; for 'tis thine own;
And tumble up and down what thou find't there."



OSBORNE HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

OUR SOVEREIGN LADY.

(By the Author of "English Hearts and English Hands."

CHAPTER III.—*(Continued).*

The year 1853 opened darkly with the gloom of impending war hanging over the land. The Queen's Speech, in January, asking for an increase of the Naval and Military forces, made the nearness of the danger understood. In March both Houses of Parliament promised Her Majesty the necessary support—and immediately on the Declaration of War with Russia, troops were dispatched to the Crimea, to serve with the allied armies of France and Turkey. The departure of the soldiers called forth the greatest enthusiasm. The Queen, the Prince, and their children went to bid farewell and God-speed to their Guards, at seven o'clock in the morning.

"Men in battle array,
Ready of heart, and ready of hand,
Marching with banner, and bugle, and fife.'

They presented arms, cheered the Royal Family, and went off cheering, though well they knew that many a one out of their brave company would return no more. All hearts throughout the country were drawn closer together in sympathy, in one great sorrow which entered into remote villages, quiet country towns, and crowded cities; for in each alike there were partings from husbands and fathers, brothers, sons, and friends. Sorrow and dread in many a cottage, and sorrow in a royal home, where a widowed mother, the Duchess of Cambridge, and her daughter, the good and beautiful Princess Mary, from her youth upward beloved by the English nation, were parting with an only son and brother, the Duke of Cambridge, going out with his brigade.

A fortnight later the fleet sailed for the Baltic. In spite of bad weather, the Queen, in her little yacht, the "Fairy," sailed through the squadron of splendid ships, whilst the sailors manned the yards, shouting loyal cheers, and the great guns boomed forth their salutes.

The next day the fleet set sail; the "Fairy," with the Royal party on board, leading the way for several miles; and when they parted company, the Queen stood on the deck of the "Fairy," waving farewells to her sailors, as one by one the gallant ships went by, and, sinking below the verge, were lost to sight. "It was a solemn moment," wrote her Majesty in her journal; "many a heart will be very heavy, and many a prayer, including our own, will be offered up for its safety and glory."

The events of that war are fresh in the memory of this generation. The grand news of the first victory at the battle of the Alma, and the dark shadow that follows every victory—the list of the honored names of the killed, and the wounded. The heroic charge of the Light Brigade, immortalized by our Poet Laureate,

"Charging an army, while
All the world wondered."

The Battle of Inkermann, fought and won on a cold, wet, and dark day, against tremendous odds. Then winter came on apace—that black winter, with its sad tales of the sufferings of our soldiers, not only from wounds and sickness, but from hunger, cold, and every kind of hardship. This dreadful state of things called forth the utmost indignation in England; but from its darkness there sprang to light many beautiful instances of self-denial and charity to help forward the two funds which were at once formed—"The Times Fund," for the immediate relief of the sufferings of the Army, and the "Patriotic Fund," headed by the Prince Consort, to which the Queen gave £1,000,—to form a provision for the widows and orphans of those who died in the war.

Another lamp of never-ending charity was also lighted at this time by the grand and beautiful example of Florence Nightingale, name dear to every English heart.

"A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood,

"On England's annals through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past."

Miss Nightingale came forward in answer to the appeal, "Nurses are wanted as well as necessaries," and led the van of the brave company of devoted women who gladly followed.

Miss Nightingale found misery beyond description in the hospitals, but under her marvellous power of organization,—cleanliness, comfort, and hope, before long, began to prevail in the various wards and departments.

The Queen's heart was weighed down with sorrow for her soldiers. She wrote to Lord Raglan, the Commander-in-Chief, "The sad privations of the army, the bad weather, and the constant sickness, are causes of the deepest anxiety to the Queen and the Prince. The braver the troops are, and the more patiently they bear all their trials and sufferings, the more miserable we feel at their long continuance." Then followed such directions as she could suggest for their comfort in food, and shelter, and warm clothing. So deep was the Queen's anxiety of heart, that it affected her health, and when, in the following February, Lord Raglan paid a flying visit to Windsor Castle, the royal children said to him, "You must hurry back to Sebastopol and take it, or else it will kill mamma."

But many more months of fighting had yet to elapse, for the siege was not carried until the following September;—and long before that day of victory, Lord Raglan had himself been laid in a soldier's grave outside Sebastopol, and the terms of peace were not actually signed until March, 1856.

In July the Queen and the Prince went to Aldershot to review the troops returned from the Crimea, and then for the first time was given the new and much coveted distinction of the Victoria Cross, for saving life in battle. Standing up in her carriage, her voice clear as a silver bell, heard distinctly in the breathless silence, her Majesty told her soldiers how anxiously she had watched their difficulties and hardships, how greatly she had admired the noble manner in which they had met and borne them, how deeply she mourned for the brave men fallen in their country's service, how proud she felt of their valor, and that she thanked God that their dangers were over, while the glory of their deeds would remain. As the Queen ceased speaking, from line to line, through all the ranks, the shouts of grateful loyalty rose up in deafening cheers.

The next day, in hot July sunshine, the Guards marched back into London, and were welcomed by the Queen, the Prince, and the Royal Family, standing in the same balcony from which, two years before, they had witnessed the departure of the regiments, in the dim light of that sad morning.

"Two years, an age of glory and of pain,
Since we, with wavings, and with shouts and tears,
And blessings, and high hopes, dismissed that parting train,
With everything but fears."

Happier days now returned to the country and to the Court. The engagement of the Princess Royal to the Crown Prince of Prussia, whilst it made the first real break in the family, could not but be rejoiced in by the royal parents; for it brought the prospect for their beloved daughter of a happiness like their own, in a true love marriage, and the gladness was shared in by the English nation, with whom the Princess Royal has always been most popular.

But even before the marriage could take place, the time of peace for England had again passed away. That awful mutiny, in which men, women, and children were massacred in cold blood, and with revolting cruelties, had broken out in India, and was spreading like wild-fire from province to province, and city to city. Like stars in a midnight sky, the brighter for the surrounding darkness, shine forth the names of the gallant men who, by God's mercy, quenched that outburst of fury. Some amongst the number, like Sir Henry Havelock, Sir James Outram, Sir Herbert Edwardes, and Sir John, afterwards Lord Lawrence, lived to receive their well-earned laurels from their grateful country; whilst to others came the call to lay down their lives on the field of battle, or at the post of duty, like General Nicholson, the hero of Delhi, "a youth in years—a veteran in the splendor of his achievements;" or Sir Henry Lawrence—the beloved and revered of all India—killed in the siege of Lucknow, whose memory even sufficed to sustain the constancy of the besieged.

"Never surrender, I charge you, but every man die at his post!'

"Voice of the dead whom we loved, our Lawrence the best of the brave!"

At length, with the relief of Lucknow, the mutiny was mercifully brought to a close, and not long afterwards the East India Company ceased to exist, and the Indian Empire was brought under the direct rule of the Queen, although Her Majesty was not proclaimed Empress of India until several years later.

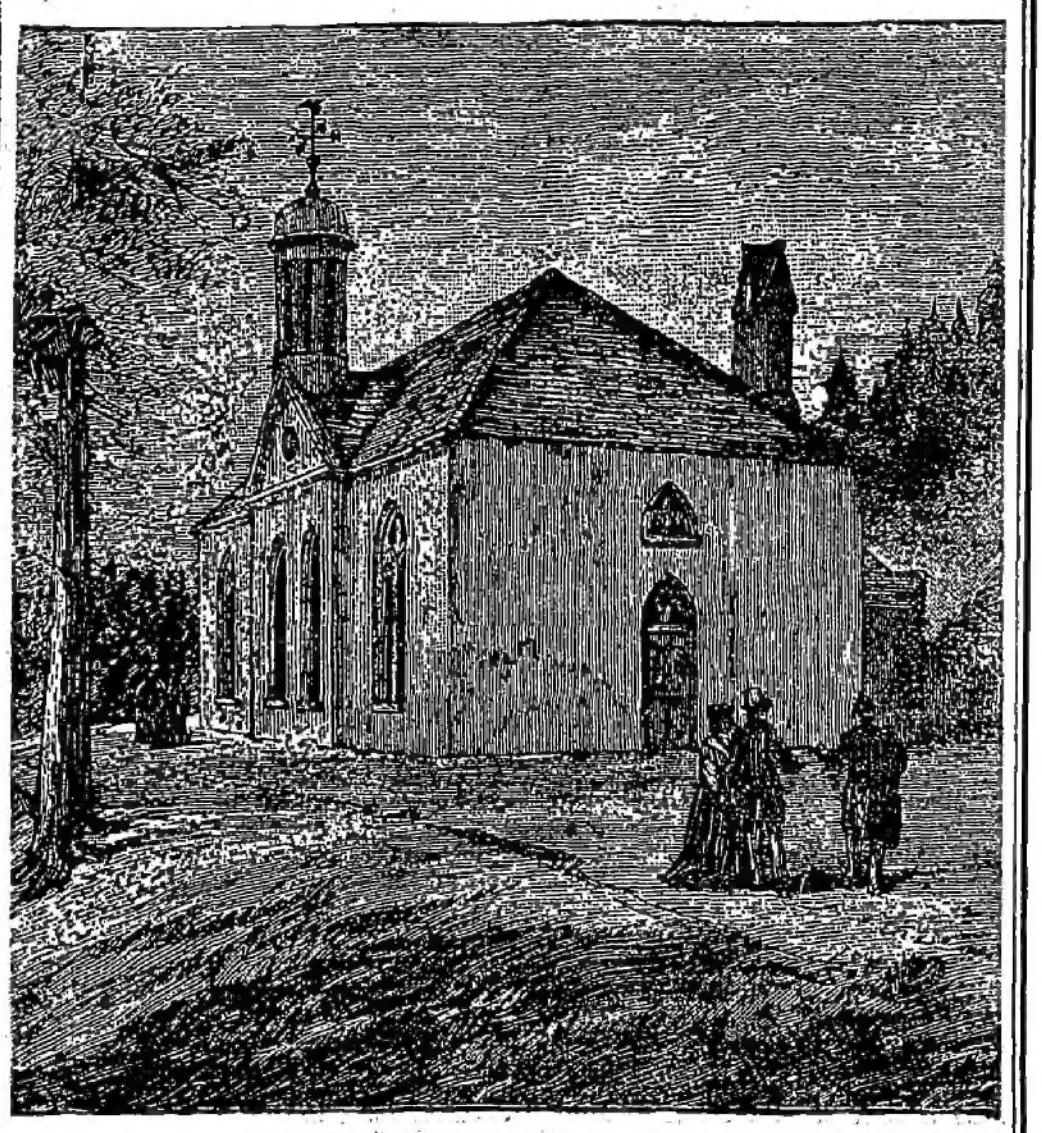
After the Princess Royal's marriage, in January, 1858, the Princess Alice (now in her sixteenth year) became the special companion of her royal parents. The Queen's journal at that time often speaks of her "fine good sense and unselfishness," and tells that she "was a great help and comfort in the royal circle."

Events too many and too various to be chronicled in this short sketch, occupied the following years. In the Royal Family the necessary separations had begun. The Prince of Wales went to Cambridge, and Prince Alfred had joined his ship. The Queen visited her royal daughter in her German home, to see her first grandchild. Abroad the thoughts of all Europe were occupied with Garibaldi, the liberator of Italy, its "uncrowned king." At home, the Volunteer movement had begun, and the first submarine Atlantic telegraph had been laid.

(To be Continued.)

WE QUOTE the following from a speech made by Dr. Meredith, of Boston, in one of the meetings of the Congregational National Council recently held in Chicago: In the realm of experience all Christians agree. I remember having read of a little colored boy down in Mississippi who was converted to God, and he was so happy he didn't know what to do with himself. He laughed, and he danced, and he sang, and he shouted, and finally he cried out, "Oh, it is sweet—it is sweet—it is sweet—as molasses!" Yes, you laugh at that; but 2,800 years before that, Israel's royal singer said, "It is sweeter than honey and the honeycomb." One of them lived in a honey country, and the other lived in a molasses country, but the sentiment is exactly the same!

I LOOKED TO JESUS and He looked on me, and we were one forever.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*



CRATHIE CHURCH, NEAR BALMORAL CASTLE.

OUR SOVEREIGN LADY.

(By the Author of "English Hearts and English Hands.")

CHAPTER IV.—THE GREAT SORROW.

On the 9th of February, 1861, the eve of the twenty-first anniversary of her wedding, the Queen wrote to her uncle, King Leopold: "Very few can say, with me, that their husband, at the end of twenty-one years, is not only full of the friendship, kindness, and affection which a truly happy marriage brings with it, but of the same tender love as in the very first days of our marriage!"

This year, which began so brightly, was, nevertheless, carrying concealed beneath its shadowy mantle the dark burden of sorrow and loss that, alas! was thenceforward to rest on the heart of our beloved Queen. Death, then for the first time, crossed over into the innermost circle of her life. In March, the Duchess of Kent passed quietly away, having sunk into unconsciousness, before the Queen and the Prince Consort, who had been hastily summoned, could reach her side. They both, with Princess Alice, watched beside the dying one throughout that weary night, the Queen in the anguish of feeling that her mother did not even "know the child she had ever received with such tender smiles." In the early morning the Duchess died. "Her gentle spirit at rest, her sufferings over," wrote her bereaved daughter. "But I—I, wretched child, who had lost the mother I so tenderly loved, from whom for these forty-one years I had never been parted, except for a few weeks, what was my case? .... The blessed future meeting, and her peace and rest, must henceforward, be my comfort." Prince Albert, writing at this time, says of the Queen: "Her grief is extreme; .... for the last two years her constant care and occupation have been to keep watch over her mother's comfort." The expressions of respectful sympathy with the royal mourners from both Houses of Parliament, and throughout the country, were very soothing to their sorrowful feelings.

In the following month of May, the Queen's own month, the Princess Alice's intended marriage with Prince Louis of Hesse-Darmstadt was made known to the nation, and it was the brightest gleam in that sad year. The war in America had begun, and its effect was severely felt in all the great centres of the cotton industry. The Prince Consort foresaw the probable distress that was coming upon Lancashire, and busied himself beforehand in planning measures of relief. In the early autumn another visit was paid to Ireland, and there the Prince Consort passed his last birthday. "This is the dearest of days," wrote the Queen, "and one that fills my heart with love, and gratitude, and emotion. God bless and protect for ever my beloved Albert, the best and purest of human beings."

Once again the Royal Family spent a happy time at their loved Balmoral, enjoying freedom from the cares of State, in the exhilarating freshness of the Scottish breezes, and the beauties of purple hills, granite mountains, wild moors, and rushing rivers.

They returned to Windsor Castle in October, and about the middle of the following month, the state of the Prince Consort's health awakened anxious fears in the heart of the devoted wife. There were various causes of anxiety and sorrow weighing upon them; amongst others the illness of the Princess Royal, which tended to depress the Prince, whose health, never strong, had for some years past shown symptoms of declining. But the Prince Consort, with his fine and manly spirit, made light of his own discomforts; and in his unselfishness had so trained himself steadily to pursue both his work and his enjoyments, that it was difficult even for those nearest to him to see that he was suffering. Perhaps he may have had a presentiment that his earthly life was drawing near its close, and that already in his heart he heard—

"Death, like a friend's voice from a distant field,
Approaching through the darkness."

For about this time he said to the Queen, "I do not cling to life; you do, but I set no store by it. If I knew that those I love were well cared for, I should be quite ready to die to-morrow."

As the dull November days went on, the anxious symptoms increased, though the Prince Consort still attended to the business of the State, and on Sunday the 1st of December, for the last time, he was able to go with his family to the service in the chapel. A few days later the fever, against which he had fought so resolutely, had declared itself unmistakably. It is said that when one of the physicians told His Royal Highness that he would be better in a few days, the Prince replied, "No, I shall not recover; but I am not taken by surprise; I am not afraid. I trust I am prepared." "Prepare to meet thy God" had been the text of the last sermon the Prince had heard at Balmoral; and he had been so much struck by it, that he borrowed the manuscript from the minister, Mr. Stewart, of St. Andrew's, Edinburgh, that he might read it again.

Public duties had still to be carried on, and were regularly fulfilled by our brave Queen, who at this time, as she tells us, seemed "to live in a dreadful dream," but every moment that could be spared was spent beside that sick bed where he lay in whom all her heart's hopes were centred. "Oh, it is an anxious, anxious time," she wrote, "but God will help us through it." In the intervals of clearness, precious words of love overflowed from the depths of that true heart. "Dear little wife, good little wife," he would say in tenderest tone; and the wasted hand would be laid in hers; or it would fondly caress the anxious face that bent over him, to catch his every look. Very calm was that royal sufferer. We are told that he loved to hear hymns and prayers. At his request a piano was placed in a room that opened into his own, and Princess Alice would play to him the grand sacred music of his Fatherland, or sing his favorite hymns and chorales, carefully hiding her own sorrow, that she might the better minister to him, and showing the deep devotion to her Royal parents which from that time forward made her inexpressibly dear to the English nation.

Until the 11th of December danger was scarcely apprehended by those around the Prince Consort; and the country, therefore, though anxious, had not been alarmed. But on that day the Prince of Wales was summoned from Cambridge, and hope began to grow faint. Early on the morning of the fatal 14th, the Queen on entering the sick-room was struck with the unearthly beauty of the face on which the rising sun was just shining; the eyes seemed gazing on some unseen presence, and the princely husband, who had ever greeted her with gladness, was unconscious of her entrance. Yet even through that last long day, rays of hope, now and again, shot athwart the deepening darkness—but when the royal sufferer arranged his hair and folded his arms, the doctors recognized the signs of preparing for departure. The Prince dozed and wandered, but in the middle of the afternoon he knew the Queen, kissed her, said "Good little wife!" and with a gentle sigh laid his head on her shoulder. All the children who were in England had been sent for, and one by one they came to take their last farewell—but that devoted father, who had delighted in them, could give no sign that he knew them. Three gentlemen of the household, each in turn, kissed his hand, overcome with sorrow, but the Prince made no sign. The Queen sat beside him—still and self-controlled.

"To-morrow, and all after-life, for tears;
To-day, and all eternity, for love."

Once more the Queen bent over the Prince, whispering, "It is your little wife,"—and by the strength of love, arresting death, he recognized the voice, bowed his head, and kissed her. At eleven o'clock that Saturday night, surrounded by his kneeling children, and with his hand clasped in the hand of his agonized wife, he gently ceased to breathe. His

"Week-day work was done, his rest begun:"

and from that hour the crown became "a lonely splendor" to our heart-broken Queen.

The tolling of the great bell of St. Paul's in the cold and dreary midnight, never heard save when "Death has come up into our palaces," roused the sleepers in the great city, with a pang as of a personal bereavement, to weep and pray for the widowed Queen. The tidings of sorrow spread rapidly throughout the kingdom; but to many the first knowledge of the calamity came during the morning service, in the solemn pause in prayer, and the omission of the honored name of him for whom thenceforward there could be nought but praise.

Never was there a truer mourning than England's for her noble dead; the tide of sympathy flowed in to the royal chief mourner and her children, from the lowliest as well as from highest in the land. The loss of such a life from amongst them, and from amongst the nation, bowed down all hearts in a common sorrow for him who was

"A Prince indeed
Beyond all titles, and a household name,
Hereafter thro' all times, Albert the Good."

The funeral was a stately pageant; nevertheless, that which most distinguished it was the unfeigned sorrow on every face. But the mourners' thoughts were not allowed to be earth-bound. The Prince Consort's favorite chorale, sung at his grave, spoke to them as his last message, when his fatherless sons stood with clasped hands and raining tears as the coffin disappeared from their sight.

"I shall not in the grave remain,
Since Thou death's bond hast severed,
But hope with Thee to rise again,
From fear of death delivered."

Sorrow and loss can never narrow noble natures, and our Sovereign Lady, in the depths of the first freshness of her own woe, was ready to enter into the sorrows of her people. The year 1862 opened with the dire calamity of the Hartley Colliery accident, in which about two hundred men and lads lost their lives. Then, from our gracious Queen, the mother of her people, this message was sent to the bereaved ones:

"Her Majesty's tenderest sympathy is with the poor widows and mothers, and her own misery only makes her feel the more for them. Her Majesty hopes everything will be done, as far as possible, to alleviate their distress, and her Majesty will have the sad satisfaction of assisting in such a measure."

The Queen's example of ready charity, for which she has ever been distinguished, led the way, and £81,000 was subscribed for the sufferers.

When July came, the sadly postponed marriage of the Princess Alice took place very quietly at Osborne. The parting with the daughter who had been as a right hand to the Queen, filling, as far as it lay in her power, her father's vacant place in the routine of public duties as well as of private life, must have been no light trial; and, happy as that marriage proved, the letters of the Princess to the Queen show how fondly her heart was ever clinging to her widowed mother. A year later she thus wrote: "I have known and watched your deep sorrow with an aching heart. Do not think that absence from you can still that pain..... My own sweet mamma, you know I would give my life for you, could I alter what you have to bear. Trust in God ever and constantly. In my life, I feel that to be my stay and my strength, and the feeling increases as the days go on."

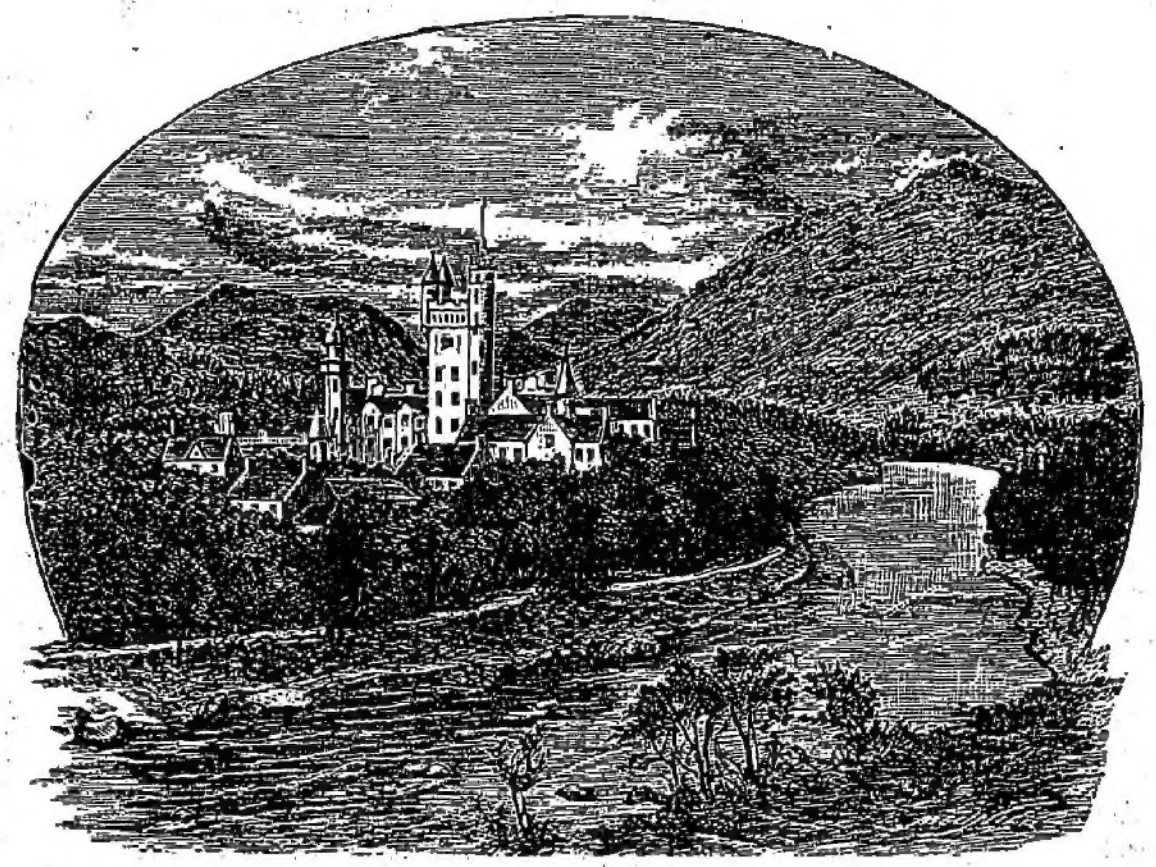
The Queen sought a solace in her grief in ministering to those around her; she visited the sick and dying, reading to them from the Word of God. When at Osborne Her Majesty paid a visit to Netley Hospital, and greatly gratified the sick and wounded men there by her sympathy in their suffering and her interest in their welfare; and though "her face bore the marks of a heartfelt and abiding sorrow, her smile was as gracious as ever, and her voice, though low, and very gentle, had all its old sweetness and clearness."

All sorrows find an echo in the stricken heart of our Queen; but that which is akin to the supreme sorrow that has darkened her own life, ever calls forth her deepest sympathy; thus after the death of the great and good President Lincoln, our Queen wrote to his widow, a letter which her son described as "the outgushing of a woman's heartfelt sympathy."

Twenty years later her Majesty's feelings were as tender as in the first freshness of bereavement. When the noble life of President Garfield had been cut short by the dastardly shot of an assassin, the Queen telegraphed to Mrs. Garfield, "Words cannot express the deep sympathy I feel with you in this terrible moment. May God support and comfort you as He alone can." And the message was followed by a letter from the Queen's own hand, expressing in fuller terms her fellow feeling for the widowed heart, in all the phases of its distress.

When Her Majesty was re-visiting the scene of her great happiness, the home at Balmoral, where everything spoke of the Prince Consort, and his skill and his taste; and where the blank of his absence robbed everything of its greatest charm, she found much comfort in the visits of Dr. Norman MacLeod. In her journal the Queen writes: "How I loved to talk to him; to ask his advice; to speak to him of my sorrows, my anxieties!" At one time he was telling of a poor Scottish woman, who had not only lost her husband, but several children also, besides other sorrows; and who, when she was asked how she could bear them all, replied: "When he was ta'en, it made sic a hole in my heart, that a' other sorrows gang lichtly through;" and the Queen added, "And so it is; most touchingly and truly expressed; and so it will ever be with me."

(To be Continued.)



BALMORAL.

EVERY MAN takes care that his neighbor shall not cheat him. But a day comes when he begins to care that he does not cheat his neighbor. Then all goes well. He has changed his market cart into a chariot of the sun.—*Emerson.*

THE BLIND ZULU BOY'S STORY.

My name is Tungwana. I was born at Natal, South Africa. My father was chief of a tribe of a thousand or more people.

When I was eight or nine years old I went to work in a sugar mill which the English government built at the station for the people. One day while there I saw a man working in iron; I was interested, and went near to see how it was done. The man was working fast and the sparks were flying. That was the last thing I ever saw, the last ray of light. One of the sparks flew into my eye and I became totally blind.

I was sick three months; I cannot tell how great the pain was. No words can tell. Oh, how dreadful, too, it was to me that it was always night! It was like death. Often I cried with the pain in my heart, which was sometimes harder to bear than the dreadful pain in my eyes.

At times, like weddings and feasts, when the people would all go and I could not, I felt as if my heart would break. My mother would never go and leave me, and many bitter tears we shed when alone together. I longed to die, and often felt as if I could kill myself. "Then," I thought, "all would end. I would just die as the beasts die." Sometimes I ran hard, saying I did not care where I went or how I fell and hurt myself. I would fall in the tall grass many a time, and lie there hoping I might never get up again. But my mother would be sure to find me. I knew nothing of God; all was dark, dark to body and soul. I knew not that I had a soul.

One morning I waked when the cocks began to crow, and thought I should like to try if I could go alone and take my bath. The river was about half a mile away. I got up and set out. The air was fresh and pure, and the birds were waking up to sing their morning song. I went safely to the river and had a nice bath.

I do not know when I had been so happy as that morning; I was pleased to have got on so nicely alone; I wondered how it was that I had such nice thoughts, where they came from, where everything came from? As I quietly walked home thinking on these things, it seemed as if I was not alone, that some one was with me, was helping me, and that was the reason I had gone on so well this morning. Yet I could hear no sound that told me anyone was near.

I now believe these were my first thoughts of God. It was like a little trust! I hardly know what it was like. From the children in the school I had heard that there was a God. But the thought was very vague, and had taken no real form in my mind.

About this time "Inkosazana," a missionary, began to have meetings at our kraal for the women. They were sometimes in my mother's house. One day I was there at the meeting; they spoke to me, but I would not say much; just sat as I often did with my blanket on my bowed head.

The words did not go out of my mind; I thought of them continually. A night or two after this, I had a dream. I thought I was trying to walk by myself, and I fell into a dreadful mud-hole. I tried to get out, but could not; slowly and surely I felt myself sinking. I called, I struggled, but all in vain. No one came to help me. Suddenly I thought that I could see, and there, quite near me, stood some one who was a stranger. He reached out his hand and said, "Come to me; I will help you." Eagerly I put my hand in his; I had little strength for doing more. Safely and tenderly he brought me out of the mire on the dry land. I tried to thank him, and as I looked into his face, quickly the thought came, "This can be no earthly being. It must be he who is the friend of the troubled, the friend of sinners." I felt that he was my friend. Then I awoke and knew that I was still blind, that I had only been dreaming.

I could not get away from the thought that this same being, Jesus, was near me, was my friend; and I longed to know more about him. I could scarcely wait for the next meeting. I asked her to tell me more about Jesus.

As I heard more and more of his love, a stillness came into my soul when I thought of his being my friend. She told me of his opening the eyes of the blind, and then she said, "It may not be in this world, but some day you will again see. Jesus can make you see; it will not be a dream!"

Oh, I cannot tell you how sweet it was to hear all these glad tidings. They were continually in my thoughts, and were to my heart like rain in a dry and barren land. Yet I felt that I did not know how to speak to him, who was so great, so pure, so holy; yet I hoped that he would understand me. So that night, and when alone, I often put my head in my blanket and whispered a few words to him.

The desire to know better how to pray, grew very strong upon me; I could not wait for the next meeting. I went to the teacher in the school and asked him if he would teach me how to pray. He told me to keep on trying to know Jesus, and not to be afraid to tell him all that was in my heart; and so light and trust kept coming into my soul. He wished me to learn the third chapter of John. While I was learning that chapter, I saw very plainly that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, was my Saviour. I asked him with all my heart to take my sins away, to take me and keep me. I trust that I was then truly born again.

Since that day I have never known a time when I did not feel that God was with me and heard my prayers. I never now feel lonely and sad as I used to do, I have continually so much to think of that is pleasant. I have even grown happy in the thought of being blind. If I had not been blind, I might never have sought and found Jesus Christ. To have found him is more to me than eyes or any earthly thing.

My one great desire and joy is to tell others of Jesus and how they may find and follow him. I trust that God will help me to be pastor over the people of my father's tribe, and to lead many of them to love and follow our Lord Jesus Christ.—*Parish Visitor.*

CONCERNING CONSECRATION.

It is very important that Christians should not be ignorant of the devices of Satan; for he stands ready to oppose every onward step of the soul's progress. And especially is he busy when he sees a believer awakened to a hunger and thirst after righteousness, and seeking to reach out to apprehend all the fulness that is in the Lord Jesus Christ for him.

One of the first difficulties he throws in the way of such a one is concerning consecration. The seeker after holiness is told that he must consecrate himself, and he endeavors to do so. But at once he meets with a difficulty. He has done it, as he thinks, and yet he does not feel differently from before; nothing seems changed, as he has been led to expect it would be, and he is completely baffled, and asks the question almost despairingly, "How am I to know when I am consecrated?"

The one grand device of Satan which has met such a soul at this juncture is one which he never fails to employ on every possible occasion, and generally with marked success; and that is in reference to feeling. The soul can not believe it is consecrated until it feels that it is; and because it does not feel that God has taken it in hand, it cannot believe that he has. As usual, it puts feeling first and faith second. Now, God's invariable rule is faith first and feeling second, in everything; and it is striving against the inevitable when we seek to make it different.

The way to meet this device of Satan, then, in reference to consecration, is simply to take God's side of the matter, and to put faith before feeling. Give yourself to the Lord definitely and fully, according to your present light, asking the Holy Spirit to show you all that is contrary to God, either in your heart or life. If he shows you anything, give it to the Lord immediately, and say in reference to it, "Thy will be done." If he shows you nothing, then you must believe that there is nothing, and must conclude that you have given him all. Then you must believe that he takes you. You positively must not wait to feel either that you have given yourself, or that he has taken you. You must simply believe it, and reckon it to be the case.

If you were to give an estate to a friend, you would have to give it, and he would have to receive it, by faith. An estate is not a thing that can be picked up and handed over to another; the gift of it and its reception are altogether a mental transaction, and therefore one of faith. Now, if you should give an estate one day to a friend, and then should go away and wonder whether you really had given it, and whether he actually had taken it and considered it his own, and should feel it necessary to go the next day and renew the gift; and if on the third day you should still feel a similar uncertainty about it, and should again go and renew the gift; and on the fourth day go through a like process, and so on, day after day for months and years, what would your friend think, and what at last would be the condition of your mind in reference to it? Your friend certainly would begin to doubt whether you ever had intended to give it to him at all, and you yourself would be in such hopeless perplexity about it that you would not know whether the estate was yours or his, or whose it was.

Now, is not this very much the way in which you have been acting towards God in this matter of consecration? You have given yourself to him over and over, daily perhaps for months, but you have invariably come away from your seasons of consecration wondering whether you really had given yourself after all, and whether he has taken you; and because you have not felt any differently you have concluded at last, after many painful tossings, that the thing has not been done. Do you know, dear believer, that this sort of perplexity will last forever, unless you cut it short by faith? You must come to the point of reckoning the matter to be an accomplished and settled thing, and leaving it there before you can possibly expect any change of feeling whatever.—*Mrs. R. Pearsall Smith.*

Question Corner.—No. 16.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Who is first spoken of in the Bible as being a prophet?
2. Which of the Old Testament saints are mentioned in the New Testament as having been righteous men?
3. From what saying of our Lord was it supposed that St. John would not die, but would live to see the coming of Christ?
4. Which of the Psalms are considered to be historical?
5. Where are we told that if we do not forgive we cannot be forgiven?
6. What are the first recorded words of our Lord?
7. Where do we read of a dead man's coming to life again on touching the bones of a prophet? And where are we told that no man had ever been laid in the sepulchre in which Jesus was put, so that His resurrection could not be attributed to a similar cause?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Noah. 2 Peter 2: 5.
2. Aaron and his son. *Lev. 10: 3.*
3. Gaspar, Greece, Melchoir, from India, and Baltbazar, from Egypt.

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